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Feb 17

LETTER FROM GARRETT, TEXAS.

GARRETT, TEXAS, July 14.—On the 12th inst. I left Grand View, Texas for this place. Mr. Edward (Duck) Riley conveyed me by private conveyance to Waxahatchie, the distance of 21 miles in three hours, driving to our house two wild Spanish ponies. When we started out I didn't know whether they would run away, dump us into a branch or creek, or take us to our destination; but I am truly thankful to say they brought us to our destination O. K. Mr. Riley is a fine young man with a big generous heart, and delights in accommodating a good Tennessee friend. His native home was in Maury County, on Cathey's Creek, but he left there when he was about sixteen years old. Met Mr. Wm. Cathey and lady in Waxahatchie. They are on property and have their hearts fully set on locating somewhere in Texas. They are well known in Maury County, as Mr. Cathey and lady sold goods on Cathey's Creek for many years.

Garrett is on the main line of the H. & T. C. railroad about three miles from Ennis and four miles from Waxahatchie, and is surrounded by a very fine farming country. On the north side of the railroad the lands are black and sandy and on the south a black waxy. I am now stopping with Mr. R. C. Jackson an old Tennessee who has a splendid farm about nine miles from Ennis from Garrett. Brother Jackson is doing well here, and has no desire to return to Tennessee to make it his home. His good friends in Maury County will be glad to hear of his welfare. There are quite a number of people in this part of the State from Maury County. The land in this neighborhood is worth about \$25 per acre, but it is all good.

It is getting a little dry here now, as it has been about three or four weeks since there has been any rain. Scarcely corn will be out a little short on the account of it, but there will be plenty of corn made. It is quite cheap now, only worth about 20 or 25 cents per bushel. The cotton is not suffering, but has a fine appearance of a good crop. I have had some splendid peaches since I have been in the State. Peaches seem to grow to perfection here. Apples do very well in some places. There are very fine here and I never refuse them when they are offered to me. I see an old Kentucky wagon standing down in the yard and Mr. Jackson says it has been here seventeen years and some family moved here in it from Kentucky. Wagons, buggies and plows and machinery generally last longer here than in our part of Tennessee, as they haven't the rocks here to grind them out. Farmers can make more money here than there, but it takes more money to run them. The water in Tennessee is more plentiful than Texas and far better. I would say so and would the people here; if any one has a good home there and doing well, it is best for him to be contented, but if not, can't get a home there he had better come here. It is a far better country for him I think. I have been in Texas long enough to shade the picture too heavily either way. So I have written these letters for the interest of my friends there. Our meeting is in full blast here now and last night many of the people were not able to accommodate with seats. Two additional wagons and good prospects for a number of more. Will continue one week longer then go to Corsicana and preach four discourses at which time my work closes here. Respectfully,

F. C. SOWELL.

As a Newspaper.

The "Twice-a-Week" St. Louis Republic is far ahead of any weekly paper published. It gives the news much more promptly and fully than any weekly, while its Literary, Agricultural and other departments are unsurpassed. Remember the price, only one dollar a year, for a great semi-weekly paper. Extra copy free for club of four new yearly subscribers with four dollars. Write for sample copies to The Republic, St. Louis, Mo.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Woldridge, Irvine & Towles. Dec 21

The city of London drinks every year 45,000,000 gallons of malt liquor, 8,000,000 gallons of wine and 1,500,000 gallons of spirits.

Rheumatism-Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Rains, druggist, Columbia Tenn. April 26m

THE PATIENT SEASONS.

How patiently the seasons bide their time! No murmur from the bud that months ago Was ready, were the earth inclined, to blow. The birds are happy in their chosen clime.

No doubt there are communications 'neath the snow, And some bright eyes that never close in sleep, And some sharp ears that listen well and keep Sweet hope alive in little hearts below.

Then let the winter wear itself away, Borne thither on the breast of freighted rills; A dream of spring has touched the constant hills, And made the valleys patient of delay.

—Mary A. Mason in Youth's Companion.

ABE AND AUSTIN.

Austin and I were sitting up with the corpse. Abe had been a stiff since 8 o'clock, and it was then six hours later. We were cattlemen—cowboys in a ranch on the Pecos in Texas. Abe was lying on a buffalo robe over against the wall, where he died. He had been grunting around for several days complaining of his old wound. He was taking a drink when I went out in the afternoon to salt some deer; when I came back, he was dead. Austin and I straightened him out and threw a saddle blanket over him. We closed his eyes, but left his head out. It seemed more natural like.

Austin was sitting facing the corpse. I had my back that way. We were playing freezeout poker for yearling heifers. All of a sudden there was a noise over by the corpse that made us both start. It sounded like two knocks on the floor. We dropped our cards and went over. Everything was all right. I said it must have been a prairie dog or gopher—he had no cats nor rats around there. Austin was horribly scared. He swallowed a larger drink of whisky than usual. We went back to our game, and presently we heard the rap again—this time louder. We up again and went over. All was quiet as a quit mining camp. Austin was shaking all over, and he says, "D— if I take any stock in spirits outside of the jug!" Then he took another drink and banged out of the ranch. When he came in, he says, "We'll have a nother tomorrow."

We didn't play any more. We sat there talking about whether we better start Jose (our cook) out on the range to round up the boys for the planting. Presently Austin says, "Did Abe ever say anything to you about being married?" "No, he didn't," says I. "If he's married, some one ought to get word to his woman." Then we kept still a spell. Then Austin says: "Was Abe married?" "I know nothing about him," says I. "After a little I says to Austin, 'Was Abe married?' 'I know nothing about him,' he says, and then he went off of his box onto the floor as if a broncho had kicked him. I jumped up to help him, and as I did so I saw Abe (the corpse) sitting up on that buffalo skin looking powerful mad. His lip was curled up like he was trying to hiss something, and his arm was stretched out, and one long bony finger was pointing at Austin, who lay knocked out on the floor.

I don't want any encores to that act. I was so scared I couldn't smoke. I bent over and shook Austin, but he seemed like dead. As I went over for the jug to get something to help him, I saw Abe was lying just as we had fixed him, and the blanket looked as if it had not been disturbed. I took about five fingers myself, then poured some into Austin. The first thing he did when he came to was to look at his shooter. Then he walked over to the corpse and peered to be examining the blanket. Then he says: "That's the second of those d— strokes I've had. I guess the next will fetch me." I didn't tell him what I'd seen, and I didn't ask him what he'd seen. It didn't always pay to ask questions. Austin drank right along—a drink between drinks—and an hour later he fell over on the floor. I threw a robe over him.

I didn't feel any too good sitting there alone after what I'd seen, and I took more than I should have myself. I don't remember much about going to bed. The first thing I knew was Austin shaking me and saying, "Bill, where the devil's Abe got to?" I got up and looked around. There was the buffalo skin, but no Abe, and his Winchester was missing. We called in Jose. He'd seen nothing out of the way. We both felt far from comfortable and decided to ride up to the next ranch and tell the boys there. When we caught up our ponies, there was Abe's sorrel as big as life. We didn't come back to the ranch for a week. Then we were so played out and sick nothing could have scared us, but both of us kept wondering where Abe had gone.

Two years afterward Austin and I rode into Cheyenne from the Crazy Woman's fork, where we were then living. We went into Talbot's saloon. The barroom was separated from the theater part by a plain board partition. We sat down at a table in the barroom and called for liquor. There was a long haired, heavily whiskered man who looked like a bullwhacker stretched out on a bench. He looked as if he were sleeping. We'd taken several drinks, and I got to thinking of old times and somehow of Abe. "Do you ever think of Abe now?" I says. "Indeed I do, often," says Austin. "I'll never rest till I know what became of him."

Just as he said this the bullwhacker rose up and says: "Mr. Williams, or Austin, if you prefer it, you may rest from this date. I am Abe!" Austin reached for his gun, but Abe caught his arm and said, quietlike: "Hold on a minute. If you want any shooting later, I'll give you a show." Then he turned to me and said: "Years ago, back in the states, Williams here and I loved the same girl. Her parents did not approve of either of us. She made me think she loved me, and she led Austin to believe he was the favorite. She finally consented to a secret marriage with me, and we slipped away, saying nothing.

"Somehow the report got back to her home that I had taken her off under promise of marriage and had then deserted her. Austin never recognized me up to the day of my supposed death, but

I knew him the first time he showed up at our ranch on the Pecos. After you went out that afternoon I felt very sick and really thought I was dying, so I turned to Austin and said, 'Williams, I'm John Walker.' Quick as a cat he was on me. I couldn't get my gun, and he had me by the throat, so I couldn't speak. He choked me, as he supposed, to death. The next thing I remember was hearing you two talking about me as if I were dead. I really felt not far from it.

"When Austin, in answer to your question, said he knew nothing about me, it made me mad, and I rose up to tell him he lied. The sight of me knocked him senseless. I knew then I was supposed to be a corpse. When you both had turned in drunk, I crawled to the jug and took enough to strengthen me. Then I slipped out, mounted the first cow pony I found and rode away. I did not feel like fighting Austin—in fact, he would not have touched me had he waited to hear me—and I thought my disappearance would worry him some."

Again Austin reached for his revolver. "Wait," said Abe, "until I finish. I married the girl and treated her as white as a woman ever was treated, but five months afterward she ran away with a blooming drummer. I hear the music tuning up. Come inside. I have something to show Austin there."

Abe purchased the tickets, and we entered the partially filled room which was doing duty as a theater. A rude stage was constructed at the end of the room, and a few men seated on boxes before it were grinding out of their cracked and discordant instruments an air that recalled "Rise Up, Willie Riley." Presently the large canvas wagon sheet that served as a drop curtain was raised, and a gaudily and scantily dressed and roughly painted woman marched to the center of the stage and burst forth in a song that would not have been tolerated east of the Platte.

Austin's eyes were riveted upon her. At first surprise was seen in his face, then nausea. Abe was watching him. Presently the latter said: "If you envy me now, Mr. Williams, I will go outside and you may shoot me." But Austin extended his hand to Abe, and we left the building together. —Philadelphia Times.

"Please Wipe Your Feet."

Please wipe your feet! This is the legend that good health and manners require should be written on the entrance of public or private buildings. Awful is the condition of our streets, and more awful in the eyes of good housekeepers is the nastiness brought into the dwelling, be it rich or poor, on the feet of those who walk them. How vile this composite is can only be appreciated by those who try to clean it from the carpets and to keep the house free from its impure consequences. Health demands extra care in a matter that is regarded as trivial in dry seasons, but the injunction to wipe the feet on a door mat is one to be inculcated early in life.

Careless children make careless adults, and it is these benighted persons who might practice that law of the Mohammedan, which commands men to remove their slippers on entering the mosque or a house where there are lives to be respected, with excellent results. In some carpeted hotels the floors are covered with cloth, but in private houses this protection is not possible, and the housemaid grumbles as much as the mistress to find her well swept rooms and stairs now stained and soiled by unwiped feet. —Boston Globe.

Prison Poetry.

Probably the mass of prison poetry which has been written on stools and bedposts and scratched on prison walls far exceeds that which has found expression on paper, and many a "mute, in glorious Milton" has begun and finished his political career with these "lost to sight" productions.

There is in existence a short poem said to have been scratched by a maniac on the wall of his cell, which runs thus:

Could I with ink the ocean fill,
Were every word of parchment made,
Were every reed on ocean's quill
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God alone
Would drain that ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

The authenticity of this being the work of a maniac has often been questioned because of the beauty of its expression and its sound reason, but the story stands.—All the Year Round.

Electrical Sunstroke.

It is now claimed that there is such a thing as electrical sunstroke. The workers around electrical furnaces in which metal aluminium is produced suffer from them. The intense light causes painful congestions, which cannot be wholly prevented by wearing deep colored glasses. —New York Evening Sun.

Power of a Philosopher.

Hegesippus, the great philosopher, discoursed so eloquently on the peace of death as compared with the worry of life that many of his auditors killed themselves, and to stop the epidemic Ptolemy ordered him to teach no more in public. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Escaped.

"Sir," questioned an irate female shopper as she pounced upon a small man who was pacing the store, "are you the floorwalker?"

"O-o-o, no, ma'am," he gasped, "I—I'm a non-only the p-p-proprietor." —Detroit Free Press.

Frank Criticism.

A little girl I know was caressing her adored and adoring father, whose nasal organ is not his handsomest feature.

"Papa," she remarked, "somebody must have been bothering God awfully when he made your nose!" —Washington Star.

"Crank" is not an American word. It has been in common use in Derbyshire for a generation, and it is still often heard. It is used to describe a man who has fads, fancies and notions outside the common run of those of his neighbors.

THEIR FIRST DINNER PARTY.

But They Waited In Vain For the Guests to Come.

They had only been married a month and it was their first dinner party, consequently they were both a little flurried when the time came for the guests to arrive.

She had superintended the arranging of the table herself, and now stood surveying its obviously new silver, glass and linen with housewifely pride.

"Do you really think everything will go well, Edward?" she asked for the twentieth time.

And for the twentieth time he answered: "Of course it will all go well. I only pity the poor fellows who have no little wife and no home of their own."

"Oh, Edward, how nice!" she gurgled, "and how I do pity the poor girls who have no nice, kind husbands. There is Edith. She is such a sweet girl, she really ought to know how nice it is to be married."

"Yes, indeed. And then there is George. He has no idea of what happiness he is missing."

She walked into the parlor, and standing before the mirror rearranged the rose in her hair. "Do you like it so?" she asked.

"It is lovely. Poor George, how he must envy me!"

"And, oh, Edward, I do feel sorry for Edith. Hark, is that a carriage?"

They both fell into easy attitudes of expectancy, but the carriage rolled on. He took out his watch and looked at it. It was just 7.

"Oh, dear," she moaned, "I'm afraid they will not be prompt, and my notes said 7 sharp."

"Perhaps my watch is fast," he said soothingly.

She moved her lace pin a little, then replaced it, regarding herself in the glass with a critical air. He walked up and down with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, dear," she wailed, "they are late already, and the cook will be so cross. She looks perfectly colossal when she is cross, Edward."

"And the women will have to chatter half an hour in the dressing room after they do come," he groaned.

"Why, Edward, how unkind—as if the men did not like to stay just as long with their horrid cigars!"

"Listen, here they come!"

They fell again into position, but the wheels passed on.

"It is odd," she said, "people never kept mamma waiting in this way. They were always anxious to come to her house."

"Perhaps they have gone there now."

"Why, Edward! But I do wish they would come. I'm afraid the dinner is ruined. I don't dare to go to see. I wonder if I might call down the tube?"

"Of course," was the airy response. "I say this is an awful bore. I envy George. Nobody expects him to give dinner parties."

"And I envy Edith. She has no one to talk unkindly to her."

The clock chimed the half hour.

"You are sure you say 'sharp'?"

"Of course I am. I am not quite an imbecile yet if I have married you."

"Who is talking unkindly now?"

"Oh, I never thought that you would treat me so when you begged me to marry you."

"I only asked you once and you said yes quick enough."

"I never thought you would be a brute."

"And I never thought you would be a virago."

"Nobody will accept my invitations now, just because I have married you—mamma said I was making a mistake."

"People were always glad enough to accept my invitations before I was married."

"Very well, if you want to be free I will go home."

"If you want to go, pray don't allow me to detain you."

The clock chimed out eight strokes, carriages kept rolling by, but none of them stopped. She swept into the bedroom and began opening drawers and boxes and taking out their contents, which she could not see for her tears. He tried to hum "After the Ball," watching her movements furtively through the open door. Would she really leave him? And what would the boys say if she did?

She tumbled the costly things about in a careless fashion. What did their beauty matter now when she was going home with a broken heart to die!

"But why did everybody stay away?" he muttered between his teeth.

"Haven't we a friend in the world?" she asked herself.

Then she gave a cry. Her eyes had fallen on a white heap in the corner of a drawer.

"Edward!" she cried in tragic tones, "here are all my invitations now—I had forgotten to mail them!"

They looked at each other a moment—those two who were about to part forever. Then a smile curled the corners of her mouth. In an instant she was clasped in his arms. Then a shrill whistle sounded from the tube, and an offended voice called: "Would yez be havin any dinner to-night?"

"Oh, Edward!" she whispered, "how shall I ever tell the cook?" —Chicago Tribune.

Slow.



He—The bishop once told me that he had three weddings in one day.

She—That was pretty quick work.

He—Oh no; only three knots in 24 hours. —Yale Record.

A Natural Mistake.

Bingo—Who was that woman you just tipped your hat to?

Von Blumer—My cook. I thought she was my wife.

Bingo—How did you make that mistake?

Von Blumer—She had on my wife's clothes. —Cloak Review.

Agreed.

Maude (speaking of her fiancé)—I don't believe any other young man living has such a tender way of making love as Tom.

Kate—Yes, that's what I always used to think when he was engaged to me. —Somerville Journal.

The Best Way.

Boggs—You might talk until doomsday and you couldn't convince me that dueling isn't murder.

Biggs—All right, I'll take you over to France with me and let you see some of it. —Troy Press.

Trained Fish.

Fish have many times been taught to perform tricks, and it would appear as if they had much more intelligence than is attributed to them. Mr. J. A. Bailey of circus fame once had two brook trout in a small aquarium in his private residence that would jump out of the water and take flies held between the forefinger and thumb and would also ring a little bell when they required food. They would also leap over little bars of wood placed about two inches above the surface of the water.

It is a very simple matter to teach the fish these tricks. At first a little tower containing a tiny, sweet toned silver bell was fastened to the iron work of the aquarium with a piece of string attached to the tongue of the bell extending into the water where the trout were. On the loose end of the string an insect or other tempting morsel was placed, which the fish would at once seize, and pulling the cord the bell in the tower would naturally tinkle. After this had been repeated several days the fish were left without food for some little time until they made the discovery that they could obtain it by pulling at the string to which the delicacies had been attached. This they never failed to do ever afterward when they were hungry and as that was nearly all the time the little bell was constantly tinkling as the fish were continually pulling the cord, and it was quite a pretty and novel sight. —New York Herald.

The Hawaiian Death Prayer.

Upon the minds of such a people as the Hawaiians were, while under their ancient form of religion, it was but natural that superstition should gain a rooted hold. The most curious and effective belief to which they were made subject was that a man can be prayed to death—a belief that survives among the natives to the present day. For the success of the tragical death prayer it was necessary to obtain some hair or a piece of finger nail of the intended victim. A priest was then employed to use incantation and prayer for his destruction. Always informed of the doom that the priest was invoking upon him, the victim generally pined away and died.

There is a story current that an Englishman in the service of Kamehameha I, having incurred the displeasure of a priest, the latter proceeded to "remove" him by the death-prayer process. The Anglo-Saxon, however, set up an opposition altar in derision, and jokingly proclaimed that he intended to pray the priest to death. Alarmed at the threat and overwhelmed at the failure of his own incantations, the sorcerer died, proving by his death his faith in his religion. —E. Ellsworth Carey in California.

He Was His Own Grandfather.

Of all genealogical curiosities the one set forth below is probably the oddest—a singular piece of reasoning to prove that a man may be his own grandfather! Here it is: There was a widow (Anne) and her daughter (Jane) and a man (George) and his son (Henry). This widow married the son, and the daughter married the father. The widow was therefore mother (in law) to her husband's father and grandmother to her own husband. By this husband she had a son (David), to whom she was of course great-grandmother. Now, the son of a great-grandmother must be grandfather or granduncle to the person to whom his mother was or is great-grandmother, but in this instance Anne was great-grandmother to him (David), therefore David could not be other than his own grandfather. —St. Louis Republic.

A Great Help.

Stout Gentleman—Spare diet, long walks, etc. I could have managed all that without coming to this expensive watering place.

Doctor—Yes, but you forget the annoyance occasioned by the high prices, which of itself will go a long way toward reducing your weight. —Uk.

Cheap to Memphis.

Cheap tickets to Memphis and all points South and West via the P. T. & A. & Tennessee Midland Railways. Buy local tickets to Nashville; go to Duckworth's, No. 217 North Cherry street, next door to Maxwell House, and he will save you \$2.00 on tickets to Memphis. This is in every way a first-class route.

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